

## Choice Literature.

### HOW HE QUIT.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

"Strikes me you select your adjectives with uncommon neatness," said the commercial traveller, eyeing the stalwart engineer who stood regarding his locomotive with lover-like attention.

Several men stood near, but physically the finest specimen of them all was the powerful fellow who was casting shrewd glances along the different parts of the huge machine at the same time that he answered intelligently numerous questions put to him by the commercial traveller. The man's speech was crude, not entirely correct, but utterly free from any thing like profanity. To the remark just quoted he answered briefly:

"Hope I make myself understood, stranger."

"Oh, yes," said the traveller, an alert, out-spoken man: "I only notice an absence of language more emphatic than choice, that men of your calling are usually master hands at employing."

"I used to swear roundly enough once, but I quit!" said the engineer; and suddenly thrusting his firm chin into the air, and folding his arms, he drew up his eyes and gazed with a kind of condensed look away off, but saw nothing in particular.

The commercial traveller had dropped his bantering tone the next time he spoke.

"That's a fine locomotive you have charge of. I suppose you feel something akin to affection for it."

"Fine!" said the engineer, coming out of his trance. "Well, there she stands and speaks for herself. Take a look at her. I mind me there ain't a mass o' machinery in the country kept brighter than that. Doesn't the boiler shine most fit to blind you? I tell you she's perfect way through. There ain't a spring nor valve, a rod nor shaft nor nut, there ain't a bolt, pipe or slide, or box or any kind o' gear as could be kept in better order than is hers!"

"Love her? Well, I should say so. It's been my hand as has held the lever o'er her throttle valve for nigh unto fifteen years, my own right hand. And she's done my bidding like a willin' child; aye, and once she served me well and drove for herself when it wasn't my hand as was o'er the throttle valve. It were a stronger one than mine that time, a-d she minded my dumb wishes when I were helpless to move, and could only cry out in bewildered pain."

The groups of men in various attitudes of which, for the moment, they were entirely unconscious, listened with absorbed interest to the fascinating speech of the handsome giant, who seemed merely addressing the commercial traveller.

"You notice an absence of violent 'adjectives,' you call them, in my language. Well, when I get crazy and don't have any sort o' control o'er my tongue, I may take the solemn name o' God in vain again, but I don't much believe I ever shall before that time."

"You see"—he thrust his chin out again and drew up his fire eyes as if to look inward rather than outward, though this time he fixed his absent gaze on the traveller's face. "You see, I never had but one child, but that was enough considering the kind; just as fine a little chap as ever drew the breath o' life. When he was five years old and began his schoolin', he shot ahead o' the other children in a way that surprised even his mother and me. My wife kept tellin' me all those days that I oughter quit swearin'. I never was one to drink strong drink, but I know that when it come to rollin' out oaths, there wasn't a man on the road could beat me. And the worst of it was I knew 'twas shameful wrong; knew it from my mother's teachin', when I were a boy."

"Well, wife she kept on worryin', but I was kinder stubborn, even when I saw that dear child listenin' to my rough words, and one mornin' wife says in a kind o' discouraging way, 'I'm afraid God will take vengeance on you some time or other, if you keep on usin' His name so free and defiant like'; and I couldn't a-told why to a-saved my life, but I kept thinkin' of wife's remark, and wishin' she hadn't made it."

"Our boy was about seven years old then, and one mornin' about a couple o' days after wife said what she did, the little fellow come with me to see the 'Race Queen' start off, as he often did. Well, that mornin' I had her in splendid runnin' order, as usual, and was all ready to start when the time come, when I got into a discussion with another engineer, a provoking, drinking fellow, who declared that his locomotive could outrun the Race Queen any time. I was foolish enough to let the mar. drive me into a terrible passion, and my language need only be hinted at; that darlin' child standin' by and listenin', too!"

"After the man had moved on, I heard a little sweet quiet voice say, 'Oh, papa, what makes you talk so? It makes me feel 'fraid.'"

"Oh, you run home, Frankie," says I, for I was scared on the instant to think of the 'adjectives' the child had heard me use. It was time to start, but just then one o' the railroad 'bosses' came up and told me it had been decided, instead of my goin' my usual route, to send me with the Race Queen some ten miles up the road to pilot an excursion train that was to take the president and some o' the directors to a great mass meeting o' the railroad men. I was not to start for an hour. At first I thought to go home awhile, but I felt kinder backward to see my wife, for I feared me the child might a-told about my terrible talk in the depot."

"Sharp on time I jumped aboard the Race Queen, and off, off, she sped up the smooth track, with every joint oiled to make her glide like a streak o' light, but at an hour when trains were not expected to go boundin' o'er that portion o' the road. But on she tore, no thought of mishap in my mind, till all at once I saw what near froze my blood and nigh stopped the beatin' o' my heart—my own

little son, with his mimic 'express waggon,' was mounting the bank to cross the track just ahead o' me!

"You see, once in a while, stranger, a person seems to live a whole lifetime in about one half-minute, and at that awful instant all my whole soul went out in volumes of prayer to the mighty name I'd taken so many times in vain. Yet I only said two words, 'God! God!' For I knew not what to do. To slacken speed on the instant would be simply impossible; should I push her suddenly on to perhaps hasten my child's destruction?"

"I raised my hands in dumb entreaty, and at the second I did so a great piece from the falling branch of a tree shot into the engine and hit the lever, sending it violently down a notch or two, and the obedient Race Queen at the sudden impetus bounded forward like a living thing! And I looked back and saw my baby, with his little foot upon the long edged sleeper, gazing in surprise at the locomotive which had raced by him at that unexpected time."

The engineer gave a sudden gasp and swallowed hard, but not a man on the platform stirred a hair, and pretty soon he went on:

"When I approached that spot on the return trip—of course it was only an excited fancy—but all at once it seemed as if I saw my boy just toiling up the bank to the track, and again I threw up my hands and cried, 'God! God!' Then I bowed my head over the lever, and took a solemn vow with His help to quit swearing once and forever!"

The engineer gave a swift glance along the motionless group of listeners, and added:

"I don't enjoy tellin' about that awful moment o' my life, but when I see a company o' men who may possibly think it a small thing to take the holy name o' God onto their lips in a heedless way, no matter what young ears may be listenin', I feel called upon as a sort o' penance to tell them what the Almighty can threaten. But He's all mercy, come to know Him, and it's grievous sinful to take His dear name in vain."

With the last words the engineer seized an oil can, gave a sharp spurt or two amidst the driving-wheels, and, springing to his place on the glittering "Race Queen," began ringing the bell.

### THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

Captain James Power Smith describes Stonewall Jackson's last battle in the *October Century*. From his article we quote the following: "When Jackson had reached the point where his line now crossed the turnpike, scarcely a mile west of Chancellorsville, and not half a mile from a line of Federal troops, he had found his front line unfit for the farther and vigorous advance he desired, by reason of the irregular character of the fighting, now right, now left, and because of the dense thickets, through which it was impossible to preserve alignment. Division commanders found it more and more difficult as the twilight deepened to hold their broken brigades in hand. Regretting the necessity of relieving the troops in front, General Jackson had ordered A. P. Hill's division, his third and reserve line, to be placed in front. While this change was being effected, impatient and anxious, the general rode forward on the turnpike, followed by two or three of his staff and a number of couriers and signal-sergeants. He passed the swampy depression and began the ascent of the hill toward Chancellorsville, when he came upon a line of the Federal infantry lying on their arms. Fired at by one or two muskets (two musket balls from the enemy whizzed over my head as I came to the front), he turned and came back toward his line, upon the side of the road to his left. As he rode near to the Confederate troops just placed in position, and ignorant that he was in the front, the left company began firing to the front, and two of his party fell from their saddles dead—Captain Boswell, of the Engineers, and Sergeant Cunniffe, of the Signal Corps. Spurring his horse across the road to the right, he was met by a second volley from the right company of Pender's North Carolina Brigade. Under this volley, when not two rods from the troops, the general received three balls at the same instant. One penetrated the palm of his right hand and was cut out that night from the back of his hand. A second passed around the wrist of the left arm and out through the left hand. But a third ball passed through the left arm half way from shoulder to elbow. The large bone of the upper arm was splintered to the elbow joint, and the wound bled freely. His horse turned quickly from the fire, through the thick bushes, which swept the cap from the general's head, and scratched his forehead, leaving drops of blood to stain his face. As he lost his hold upon the bridle-rein, he reeled from the saddle, and was caught by the arms of Captain Milbourne, of the Signal Corps. Laid upon the ground, there came at once to his succour General A. P. Hill and members of his staff. The writer reached his side a minute after, to find General Hill holding the head and shoulders of the wounded chief. Cutting open the coat sleeve from wrist to shoulder, I found the wound in the upper arm, and with my handkerchief I bound the arm above the wound to stem the flow of blood. Couriers were sent for Dr. Hunter McGuire, the surgeon of the corps and the General's trusted friend, and for an ambulance. Being outside of our lines, it was urgent that he should be moved at once. With difficulty litter-bearers were brought from the line near by, the General placed upon the litter, and carefully raised to the shoulder, I myself bearing one corner. A moment after, artillery from the Federal side was opened upon us; great broadsides thundered over the woods; hissing shells searched the dark thickets through, and shrapnels swept the road along which we moved. Two or three steps farther, and the litter-bearer at my side was struck and fell, but, as the litter turned, Major Watkins Leigh, of Hill's staff, happily caught it. But the fright of the men was so great that we were obliged to lay the litter and its burden down upon the road. As the litter-bearers ran to the cover of the trees I threw myself upon the General's side, and held him firmly to the ground as he attempted to rise. Over us swept the rapid fire of shot

and shell—grape shot striking fire upon the flinty rock of the road all around us, and sweeping from their feet horses and men of the artillery just moved to the front. Soon the firing veered to the other side of the road, and I sprang to my feet, assisted the General to rise, passed my arm around him, and, with the wounded man's weight thrown heavily upon me, we forsook the road. Entering the woods, he sank to the ground from exhaustion; but the litter was soon brought, and, again rallying a few men, we essayed to carry him farther, when a second bearer fell at my side. This time, with none to assist, the litter careened, and the General fell to the ground with a groan of deep pain. Greatly alarmed, I sprang to his head, and, lifting it, as a stray beam of moonlight came through clouds and leaves, he opened his eyes and wearily said, 'Never mind me, Captain, never mind me.' Raising him again to his feet, he was accosted by Brigadier-General Pender: "Oh, General, I hope you are not seriously wounded. I will have to retire my troops to re-form them, they are so much broken by this fire." But Jackson, rallying his strength, with firm voice, said: "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir!" and so uttered his last command on the field."

### PILGRIMS AT NIAGARA.

As they walked slowly on, past the now abandoned paper mills and the other human impertinences, the elemental turmoil increased, and they seemed entering a world the foundations of which were broken up. This must have been a good deal a matter of impression, for other parties of sight-seers were coming and going, apparently unawed, and intent simply on visiting every point spoken of in the guide-book, and probably unconscious of the all-pervading terror. Standing upon the platform at the top, the spectator realizes for the first time the immense might of the downpour of the American Fall, and notes the pale green colour, with here and there a violet tone, and the white cloud mass spurring from the solid colour. On the foamed-crested river lay a rainbow forming nearly a complete circle. The little steamer, *Maid of the Mist*, was coming up, riding the waves, dashed here and there by conflicting currents, but resolutely steaming on—such is the audacity of man—and poking her venturesome nose into the boiling foam under the Horseshoe. On the deck are pigmy passengers in oil-skin suits, clumsy figures, like arctic explorers. The boat tosses about like a chip, it hesitates and quivers, and then slowly swinging, darts away down the current, fleeing from the wrath of the waters and pursued by the angry roar.

Surely it is an island of magic, unsubstantial, liable to go adrift and plunge into the canon. Even in the forest path, where the great tree trunks assure one of stability and long immunity, this feeling cannot be shaken off. Our party descended the winding stairway in the tower, and walked on the shelf under the mighty ledge to the entrance of the Cave of the Winds. The curtain of water covering this entrance was blown back and forth by the wind, now leaving the platform dry and now deluging it. From this platform one looks down the narrow slippery stairs that are lost in the boiling mist, and wonders at the daring that built these steps down into that hell, and carried the frail walks of planks over the boulders outside the fall. A party in oil-skins making their way there looked like lost men and women in a Dante Inferno. The turbulent waters dashed all about them; the mist occasionally wrapped them from sight; they clung to the rails, they tried to speak to each other; their gestures seemed motions of despair. Could that be Eurydice whom the rough guide was tenderly dragging out of the hell of waters, up the stony path, that singular figure in oil-skin trousers, who disclosed a pretty face inside her hood as she emerged? One might venture into the infernal regions to rescue such a woman; but why take her there? The group of adventurers stopped a moment on the platform, with the opening into the misty cavern for a background, and the artist said that the picture was, beyond all power of the pencil, strange and fantastic. There is nothing, after all, that the human race will not dare for a new sensation.

The walk around Goat Island is probably unsurpassed in the world for wonder and beauty. The Americans have every reason to be satisfied with their share of the fall; they get nowhere one single grand view like that from the Canada side, but infinitely the deepest impression of majesty and power is obtained on Goat Island. There the spectator is in the midst of the war of nature. From the point over the Horseshoe Fall our friends, spraking not much, but more and more deeply moved, strolled along in the lovely forest, in a rural solemnity, in a local calm, almost a seclusion, except for the ever-present shuddering roar in the air. On the shore above the Horseshoe they first comprehended the breadth, the great sweep, of the rapids. The white crests of the waves in the west were coming out from under a black, lowering sky; all the foreground was in bright sunlight, dancing, sparkling, leaping, hurrying on, converging to the angle where the water becomes a deep emerald at the break and plunge. The rapids above are a series of shelves, bristling with jutting rocks and lodged trunks of trees, and the wildness of the scene is intensified by the ragged fringe of evergreens on the opposite shore.

Over the whole island the mist, rising from the caldron, drifts in spray when the wind is favourable; but on this day the forest was bright and cheerful, and as the strollers went farther away from the great fall, the beauty of the scene began to steal away its terror. The roar was still dominant; but far off and softened, and did not crush the ear. The triple islands, the Three Sisters, in their picturesque wildness appeared like playful freaks of nature in a momentary relaxation of the savage mood. Here is the finest view of the river; to one standing on the outermost island the great flood seems tumbling out of the sky. They continued along the bank of the river. The shallow stream races by headlong, but close to the edge are numerous eddies, and places where one might step in and not be